

Of your name, or his scape.

Enter 2. Friend.

Iay. Pray heaven it hold so.

2. Fr. Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes,
Good newes.

Iay. They are welcome,

2. Fr. *Palamon* has cleerd you,
And got your pardon, and discoverd (Daughters,
How, and by whose meanes he escapt, which was your
Whose pardon is procurd too, and the Prisoner
Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,
Has given a summe of money to her Marriage,
A large one ile assure you.

Iay. Ye are a good man
And ever bring good newes.

1. Fr. How was it ended?

2. Fr. Why, as it should be; they that nev'r begd
But they prevaild, had their suites fairely granted,
The prisoners have their lives.

1. Fr. I knew t'would be so.

2. Fr. But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of
At better time.

Iay. I hope they are good.

2. Fr. They are honourable,
How good they'l prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1. Fr. T'will be knowne.

Woo. Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?

Iay. Why doe you aske?

Woo. O Sir when did you see her?

2. Fr. How he looks?

Iay. This morning.

(*she sleepe*)

Woo. Was she well? was she in health? Sir, when did

1. Fr. These are strange Questions.

Iay. I doe not thinke she was very well, for now
You make me minde her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answered me
So farre from what she was, so childishly.
So fillily, as if she were a foole,

An Innocent, and I was very angry.
But what of her Sir?

Woo. Nothing but my pittie; but y
As by an other that lesse loves her:

Iay. Well Sir.

1. Fr. Not right?

2. Fr. Not well? *Wooer.*

Woo. Tis too true, she is mad.

1. Fr. It cannot be.

Woo. Beleeve you'l finde it so.

Iay. I halfe suspected

What you told me: the gods comf

Either this was her love to *Palamon*

Or feare of my miscarrying on his
Or both.

Woo. Tis likely.

Iay. But why all this haste Sir?

Woo. Ile tell you quickly. As I lat

In the great Lake that lies behind t

From the far shore, thicke set with

As patiently I was attending sport,

I heard a voyce, a shrill one, and att

I gave my care, when I might wel

T'was one that sung, and by the sm

A boy or woman. I then left my ar

To his owne skill, came neere, but

Who made the sound; the rusties,

Had so encompass't it: I laide me d

And listned to the words she song,

Through a small glade cut by the l

I saw it was your Daughter.

Iay. Pray goe on Sir?

Woo. She sung much, but no se

Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,

Is gone to th wood to gather Mulla

Ile finde him out to morrow.

1. Fr. Pretty soule.

Woo. His shackles will betray h